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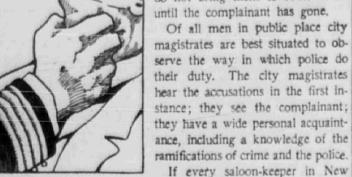
VOLUME 47, NO 16,444,

POLICE BLACKMAIL.

According to Magistrate Walsh, the police collect \$5 a month from saloon-keepers. In return the saloon-keepers are allowed to sell drinks, on Sunday and after hours. Also, according to Magistrate Walsh, the city Is portioned out in pool-room and gambling districts which pay for police

According to Magistrate Crane, "New York is the most wide-open town on the face of God's green earth."

According to Magistrate Wahle, the police, instead of tringing crimfinals promptly to the police court, take them in many cases to Police Headquarters first, and in some cases do not bring them to court at all



York pays only \$5 a month, somebody gets \$500,000 from this source. If there are between two and three hundred pool-rooms, paying an average of \$350 a month, somebody gets three-quarters of a million dollars. If there are eighty gambling-houses paying \$500 a month, there is another half million for somebody.

It is unlikely that a city magistrate who makes specific charges and names names does not know what he is talking about. Where does all this money go?

Under the old bi-partisan police boards the saloon-keepers' money was handled by the commissioners' secretaries and, presumably, divided bi-partisanly. The first thing James J. Martin did when he became President was to abolish the saloon-keepers' blackmall in consideration of the saloon-keepers voting the Tammany ticket. This arrangement continued for a long time, the saloon-keepers being exempt from blackmail in return for their loyalty to Tammany. Even Devery did not blackmail the



There is a great difference between being only "the most wide-open town" and the systematic collection of police blackmail. Selling beer on Sunday is not a grave crime. Betting on a horse race can hardly be called a heinous offense. Even playing faro and roulette is not to be classed with burglary and murder.

But police blackmail is. It is less destructive of the fibre of a city that there should be murder than there should be police connivance with A Bit of Advice to the Cleveland Physician Who Tells crime, and blackmail organized and enforced by the power of the city's Tea-Bitten Women They Should Take to Cigarettes.

The charges which these three magistrates make have corrobora-

tion in the observation and belief of the general public.

What is Gen. Bingham going to do about it, and, after him, what are the Mayor and the Governor going to do?

Magistrate Moss has lost his patience with the people who make a bungle of trying to kill themselves. They who fall may expect no mercy hereafter in his court. What, indeed, is the use of a great, beneficent law for the weak and despondent if it is not to increase the ratio of "sure things" in suicide?

FROM SPEAKING OF RENTS.

At this time the advertising columns of the papers in New York teem with "to rent" announcements. The annual October festival of the moving-van men approaches. There are dwellings of all degrees to be had at all rates. It may appear particularly that never before were there LETTERS FROM . MR. CANTFOOLER so many offerings of suites at "\$2,000 to \$2,800," at "\$3,250 to \$6,000" or at "\$4,500 upward."

The great apartment-houses of New York are as magnificent as the distances of Washington. They are built to accommodate large incomes, of its abundance in which the city occasionally boasts.

What a man pays for rent represents on the average about a fifth of his income. Sometimes it is less, often it is more. The \$2,000 apart- at table and then eat a hearty meal in ment may stand then for a \$10,000 salary, the \$5,000 suite for \$25,000, their own rooms on the aly. If the the \$10,000 outfit for \$50,000.

Counting such incomes and reckoning the number of costly big have at least done away with this unhouses in New York which are filled with high-salaried tenants, it does the nunburnt athletic girth not take long to run the dollar figures into millions.

As a rule, these men who are rich by the year are good spenders. So many of them live up to their receipts that the proportion of perjury is the right sue than the left. Anywhere small when they swear off personal tax assessments. The question arises from a half inch to an inch. I can alas to what taxes they do pay and what they might pay.

Indirectly they meet, through their rent money, the realty assess- of it to man ments on the houses in which they live. They help to settle the taxes of To the Editor of The Eventag World's the butcher, the baker, the gasman or electricity man, the theatre owner, I saw a man set a cramp while awarethe proprietor of the department store—but so does the man who owns in Gravesend Hay last Sunday et # \$2,500 cottage in the edge of the town, on which, in addition to his han and hauled him ashore just in time. share of tradesmen's dues, he must pay the full levy rate.

Among the questions fit for a coming winter's discussion there may drowned. This ten't the first or tenth be none more interesting than that of how a graded income tax would instance of the sort I've noted along affect such conditions of city life as those barely indicated here.

If all men of large incomes should come to meet a sliding tax-rate dibe worse off or the better for it?

Would the establishment of a general income tax, to the reduction of property taxes, be of any effect on rentals and the cost of living?

Presumably it will be admitted that the ideal tax, since taxes there . must be, would be one falling upon each qualified payer in proportion to partie hardest thing, in every day life, in tew pik before now with a pair of tongs, just tew save stepped on their tail, every fu minnitte. his ability to pay.

Fulton street from Pearl to Gold, is exhibiting signs of impatience. It has If there went but 2 kats on earth, there wouldn't mean kats ov all colors. there is lossing his men. This is painful disrespect to the New York pavement phellow would pik one, and that would end the straight contract to the new York pavement to be trusted, they will steal young chickens, and the thought it would be fine to take the fine of the globe in first as they cure.

To pik out a good kat one that one that would be fine to take the thing that is the thing that it would be fine to take the thought it would be fine to take the fine of the globe in first as they cure. been an open trench for five weeks. Somebody says the electrical subway boss be no trouble, yu would pik one and the other licats with blue eyes, and very long whilekers,

"Boom!" By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN in THE NEWS Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith. NEW YORK THROUGH



disease; then nicotine depresses the heart and that puffs case, which she offers to her favored friends. from a paper cylinder counteract the effect of too many. To tell us to smoke for the good of our hearts is poor policy. Dr. Martin. We never do anything for the good of our hearts, though simost everything for

sips from the cup that cheers.
But isn't the cure in this case a little worse than the isease? Fond as we may be of our cup of tea, we would

butter. Some of them even chewed, and were none the worse for it, except in any reason; but none of us do.

our mere presence to be a walking advertisement of a brand of cigarettes. The only reason for smoking that really appeals to us is the acquisition of the prize coupars that most tobacco stores give away. And even under the incentive of six silver-plated spoons or a patent carpet-sweeper for 150 coupons, we prefer

Y DEAR DR. MARTIN: In your capacity as Health to collect them from the men we know. The fear of heart disease, Dr. Martin, will not compet a habit that the bargain fever cannot foist upon us. Some smoking women amoke because they like it, but many more because women in Cleveland are adducted to the excessive use of they think it is "sporty," or because they have read in the Sunday paper that the which over-stimulates and is liable to produce heart the American Duchess of So-and-so is never without a dainty gold digarette-

ertainly rather surrender it than follow it up with a purale out something else that would, you would make yourselves and the cigar tore men millionnires. You're puzzling over the wrong kind of heart disease,

There is absolutely no objection to expereite smooths.

But I must say the society women of Cleveland ought to be grateful to you great-grandmothers smoked their cornob pipes in peace. The smart set in New York is certainly in no datager of heart disease from with their descendants gathered about them, and knew drinking—tea, though many of the women are addicted to your antidote. that there was no more evil in tobacco than in bread and Give us a bester reason for smoking. If we liked the weed we wouldn't need

appearance. But there's the rub. We don't want yellow fingers. We don't want. And don't you think you're fomenting a let of foolishness, anyway?

THE PEOPLE.

Long Live the Athletic Girl.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I can remember when a girl with a big appetite was looked on with scorn. Girls would peck gaintily at their food have accomplished nothing else, they healthful hypocrisy. So I say, long live

To the Editor of The Evening World: ways pick out a "self-shaver" by this Who can explain the "wherefore"

Life-Saver Came Last.

Three minutes later up rowed the lifesuver in hot haste. As far as he whe the Greater New York beaches. Who is to blame?

DEAR JIM - MY WIFES ME FROM ATTENDING YOUR ROUGH-HOUSE RACKET --SHEAK ABOUT ILSO, I WILL RUN OVER FOR SOME

rectly, would those of them who now carry other men's burdens indirectly JOSH BILLINGS WAS A FEW YEARS AHEAD OF ROOSEVELT be worse off or the better for it?

How Tew Pik Out a Kat.

By Josh Billings.

out a good kat, not beknuse kuta are so life. skare, an bekause they are so plenty,

Kats with gra eyes, very short whiskers, and I don't lov kats enuff tew pik one out enny how, four white tree, are the best kats there is to lay but I have picked a killen out ov a swill burrel in front ov the kitchen stove all day, and be

Kata with blak eyes, no whiskers at all, and Color in no kriterion, or kats, i hav seen dredful sharp pointed ears, are Habel tew phitts. Picking out good kats has alwas bin a mighty a day to do it.

cluss transackshun from the fust beginning, the

The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 20. -RICHARD III, and the Wars of the Roses.

RICHARD III.-here and secoundrels gentus and degenerate, great king and greater criminal-stands out through all time as the "heavy whate" of mediaeval England's history-drame. And that same drama was one of the bloodiest and most turbulent ever enacted.

During the four centuries since the Norman Duke Whiam had conquered Engiand many changes had come to the island kingdom. Most important of these was the substitution of English for French as a court and national language. The Normans had tried to make England a French-speaking nation. The stubborn Saxons had refused to give up their oruder native tongue. No conquered people who continue to cling to their original language can be wholly and permanently subdued. So it was with the Saxona. They, as a body, refused to adopt French. Then, to strengthen the old language, Chaucer, Weddire, Langland and other immortal authors wrote in English. Little by little, thanks to this resistance, the earlier English, modified by certain French words and singual forms, became the accepted tongue of the country. This was practically the same as the English we speak to-day. To Saxon stubbornness we owe the

The Black Prince's son, Richard IL, was deposed by his cousin, Henry of Lancaster (son of the Black Prince's younger brother), who took the throne as Henry IV. The usurper's son, Henry V., conquered nearly all of France and died while still a young man. His infant son, Henry VI., was called King of France as Greatest Civil

Greatest Civil

War Except
Our Own.

Our Own.

The cause of these wars was a follows: Event on whom to went their agreements will be made the series of civil wars economic to the comment of the comment



Wonder Trips Around Our Town-No. II.

THE WISE GUIDE-Not so, gentle stranger. This is our justly-celebrated financial district-the home of money. THE RUBBERNECK-A home, May you? Rather an orphan saylum.

THE WISE GUIDE-You may observe that the way to it hes down a hift.

THE RUBBERNECK-Thus I do perceive. The width no doubt explains why 'tis so easy to slip into Wall streat and so hard to climb out again. THE WISE GUIDE-Have it so, an it please you, fair sir.

told, have aforetime gone in on their faces and come out on their cars.

THE RUBBERNECK-Or else their uppers, I wot. But hold. Anon I do discover now that three classes of men enter daily hito this well-shaded gorge between the gold-lined canson walls, plump, well-larded men in private automo-biles, keen-faced, quick-witted men in bired cabs and sad-eyed, unhappy-looking men afoot and limping. Pray, who are they?

THE WISE GUIDE-An easy question that, oh, clastic sojourner of the Good-By E. F. Flinn. year larynx. The proud persons in the petroleum pushcarts are members of the ck Exchange. The arrive gentlemen who come hither in the dulf-shell backs are the ourh brokers. THE RUBBERNECK-And the sad dogs on foot?

THE WISE GITTLE-Your pardon, sir. I was near to forgetting them. for

THE RUBBERNECK-I behold yonder, standing in the midet of scores who struggle to slap his back and clasp his hand, one full clad in silks and fine linens, wearing on his fat fingers many diamonds and in his pockets having much THE WISE GUIDE-He is known and admired of all men here. For he, ain

is the proprietor of a bucket shop which has just been driven to the wall because of heavy losses. 'Tis for that his fellows now congratulate him. THE RUBBERNECK-Ah. Indeed! And who, pray, might be this hollow-cheeked, hungry wretch who slides within the corner pawn-shop, carrying be-

neath his cond something which bears a brutally frank resemblance to a Sunday THE WISE GUIDE-That is merely the pallid dub whose winnings forced this self-zame enterprise to the wall. But look you-see how the city constables

do belabor that scurvy wight who sought to fich the wallet of the prosperous bankrupt of the bucket shop. I warrant me they'll beat him full sore, for below the dead line of Fulton street no common rogue may come.

THE RUBBERNECK...From which I do gather that Wall street helds com-

petition is the death and not the life of trade.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.



is always And this is what he says about the figuring on "There are men who have hobb! ting to that and likings they may indulge white tage of life and they have retired from active work. rospectly where but they find them never more than be own retire from half matiefactory, and the man who has cusiness is hercoring a delusion temprise, and found the new parts of had would make him very miser- in defeat, never finds anything to take able if it were to their place when he has retired dome true." So sald Mr. D.

When the anyalgamation of the brew-

gone clear away from it. "To the man who loves books or Youngling was one of the pioneers in the brewing business in New York City.

Youngling made several forsumes out of his brew and workeds eighteen hours a day to do it.

When the brewing business in New York City.

Youngling made several forsumes out of his brew and workeds eighteen hours a day to do it.

When the brewing business in the brew.

his brain that help him to philosophy